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The artiste



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Chapter 1 by Paxal Doshi

Sitting by the side of the sea, to the suave sounds of the waves hitting the shore melodiously and the chirping of a few birds, his anger was about to take toll on his usually calm and composed self. "Look at me, into the eyes" he grasped for the nth time, clearly trying not to let his aggression out.

"You know I can't" said the other gentle but concerned feminine voice. "And don't ask me why" she added. "Don't you think you're answerable?" In a lower tone this time, he asked. A long silence prevailed...

"You make me feel naked" this time looking into his eyes. He swallowed what felt like a lump in his throat and waited for what had to come.

"It is scary how you look straight through the little make up I wear, my body, all these years that I've lived and learned, straight into my soul - unfiltered. To know that someone is looking at your truth while you're trying to keep the darkness away from the whole world is a feeling which can only be described as chaotic."

"I think I should stay away, you don't deserve this kind of discomfort" he teased her. "But, you know..." She breathe some air, "it feels good, to know that I can't and in fact, need not try to be a certain way... To know that there's a place where I can be despite the chaos, without being

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"Tell me my piece of art?" He said as he pulled her cheeks.

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